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W. P. WALTON, Editor and Proprietor

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The Last Words of A Hopeless Drunkard.

The following extracts were taken from one of the lectures of J. J. Talbot, who recently died from the effects of a drunken debauch at Elkhart, Indiana:

But now the struggle is over. I can survey the field and measure the losses. The demon tore from around me the robes of my sacred office and sent me out churchless and Godless, a very hissing and by-word among men. Afterwards I had business, large and lucrative, and my voice was heard in large courts pleading for mercy, justice and right. But the dust gathered on my books, and no footfall crossed the threshold of the drunkard's office. I had money, ample for all necessities, but it took wings and went to feed the coffers of the devils which possessed me. I had a home adorned with all that wealth and the most exquisite taste could do. The devil crossed its threshold and the light faded from its chambers; the fire went out from the holiest of altars, and leading me from its portals, despair walked forth with me and sorrow and anguish lingered within. I had children, beautiful—to me, at least—as a dream of the morning, and they had so entwined themselves around their father's heart that no matter where he might wander, ever it came back to them on the wings of a father's undying love. The destroyer took their hands in his, and led them away. I had a wife whose charms of mind and person were such that to see her was to remember, and to know her was to love her. For thirteen years we walked the rugged path of life together, rejoicing in the sunshine and sorrowing in its shade. The infernal monster would not spare me even this.

I had a mother, who for long years had not left her chair, a victim of suffering and disease, and her choicest delight was in reflecting that the lesson taught at her knee had taken root in the heart of her youngest born, and that he was useful to his fellows and an honor to her who bore him. But the thunderbolt even reached there, and there it did its most cruel work. Other days cured all but this. Ah, me! never a word of reproach from her; only a tender caress, only a shadow of a great unspoken grief gathered over the dear old face; only a trembling hand laid more lovingly upon my head, only a closer clinging to the cross, only a piteous appeal to Heaven if her cup was at last full. And while her boy roged in his wild delirium two thousand miles away, the pitying angels pushed the golden gates ajar, and the mother of the drunkard entered into rest. And thus I stand, a clergyman without a church, a barrister without brief or business, a father without a wife, a son without a parent, a man with scarcely a friend, a soul without hope—all swallowed up in the storm-mael of drink!

Editorial of an Arkansas editor: "We do not leave this community with any regret. We are glad to go. We have not received due patronage from this town, consequently we are pleased to throw up the journalistic sponge. It is the custom for editors to say that they part with their contemporaries with regret. We do not. We have been branded as a thief, and it has been proved that we are a thief, consequently we have no regrets at parting. Those who owe us are expected to settle at their earliest convenience. Those whom we owe must wait."

A Louisiana paper is responsible for the following: A black woman was carried before a magistrate for unmercifully beating her son, a saddle-colored imp, and the judge was delivering a reprimand, when the woman broke out with: "Judge, have you ever been a parent to a woffles yaller boy like dat at cub ob mine?" "Never," ejaculated the judge, with great vehemence, getting red in the face. "Den don't talk!"

The high school girl does not say, "What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander," but, "The condiment appropriate to the female animal is also suitable to the gentleman of the same species."—[Oil City Derrick.]

Kissing.

F. M. Thayer, republican editor, postmaster and "Holy Joe," of Evansville, who, assisted by a pretty widow, has made a pretty kettle of fish of it, denies that his intimacy with the p. w. went beyond kissing and declares that he was the victim of "an insane impulse that overpowered him" when he indulged in the osculatory adventure. Now, a man who would kiss a pretty woman and back out of the consequences in this curish style is fit only for treason, stratagem and spoils. Had we been in his place—but then the supposition that he could be in his place is preposterous. We are a democrat and a gentleman, and when we kiss a pretty girl we don't drag her into a closet or wait for the obscurity of night; but when the spirit moves us and tempting lips invite, you can wager that we light on them like a bantam on a June bug. And we are not ashamed of it. Pretty women were made to be kissed and we were made to kiss 'em. But when we kiss them as we inhale aroma from flowers, or gaze on the beauty of sky or earth, reverently and thankfully, and with the homage that appreciation owes to loveliness. Our kisses fall light and harmless on the lips of beauty as the zephyr's kiss on the cheek of the ripening peach. It is not the sirocco blast of passion nor the consuming flame of lust. It is our benediction and blessing on fair youth and ripe, red lips. We love to kiss 'em because they are sweet and then we know how to perform the job gracefully; don't we, Miss—but we will call no names. We are the sort that kiss and never tell. And we'd scorn to sneak out of it like an old Evansville puppy by swearing that we were crazy and did not know what we were doing. Not we, indeed. We are a kisser from Candykiatown, and don't you forget it.—[Breckenridge News.]

AMBITIOUS YOUNG NAVY OFFICERS.

The young men in the Navy are emulous to go to the assistance of Lt. Greely. Lieutenant Lucien Young, of the Minnesota, now in our harbor, has been studying Arctic matters for several years and has become considerable of an authority among the younger officers. He said to me during the week that Greely had now been two years away and was provisioned up to next spring, "but," said he, "if we can't reach him by next spring he is gone." Said I: "Do you desire, after the experiences of Mellville, Danenhower and others, to press into that frigid country?" "Indeed I do," said he. "Young men in Navy are not so much employed in active service at the present time that a chance like that will not be agreeable." In physique Mr. Young is one of the most powerful men in the service. He was sent to the Naval Academy in 1868 from Kentucky; the muscles in his limbs are like bands of steel.—[N. Y. Tribune.]

FAT WIVES PREFERRED.—Throu-

out the Empire of Morocco there are villages where the eldest members of the adult population follow professionally the pursuit of fattening young girls for the matrimonial market of Barbary. The Moors, like the Turks, give a decided preference to "moon-faced" wives over lean ones and are more solicitous as to the number of pounds which their wives weigh than about the stock of accomplishments which they possess. The fattening process begins when the girl is about twelve years old. Stiff maize porridge, kneaded up with grease, is daily fed to her in the form of boluses. If she declines to take them they are crammed down her throat.—[Philadelphia Press.]

Twenty-three years ago all the crops of the South were produced practically by negro labor, but now fully one-half is the product of white labor and the entire aggregate is double as much per annum as it was in 1860. The increase is probably not attributable so much to a different system of labor, as to the fact that now the parties who are most interested in the product give their personal attention to farming and planting, whereas their interests were formerly mainly confined to hired overseers, while the land owners were off on pleasure.

Tar may be readily removed from the hands by rubbing with the outside of fresh orange or lemon peel, and wiping dry immediately. The volatile oils in the skins dissolve the tar, so that it can be wiped off.

STREET TALK.—"How much better you look, Mrs. S." "Yes, I have gained 32 pounds on Hall's Catarrh Cure. Have not felt so well in 20 years. It has made a complete cure and is worth \$50 a bottle to any one that has the catarrh."

Corean Women and Men.

Women in Corea hold a very low position and count for nothing in the eyes of the law. They have no social influence and are not held personally responsible for their actions. Polygamy prevails; the number of wives vary according to the standing and influence of the individual, but as the middle and lower classes are not well off they have but one wife. There are no wedding ceremonies and as soon as the husband has paid a certain sum to the father of the bride he takes her home and treats her as he likes. In the higher classes the women are more isolated than in China. In the wall-of towns a curious custom prevails. At 9 o'clock on summer evenings and earlier in the winter, the gates are closed and the women are permitted to go out into the streets. Should a man be belated he will be seen hurrying for home with his eyes bent on the ground, so as not to observe the females, and should he meet any, it is his duty to cover his face with his fan and cross the street out of the way of the woman. Strong affection for their children is one of the better characteristics of the Coreans and infanticide is almost unknown.—[San Francisco Chronicle.]

Break Her Corset Stays.

While several young couples were strolling along the wooded walks at Sheridan, the other evening, one of the ladies felt that she was being squeezed, but said nothing about it until she noticed that the gentleman who was walking with her was twirling his cane in the hand she imagined was producing the pleasing sensation about her waist. On investigating the matter she was horrified, and her escort terrified, to find a huge black-snake coiled tightly around her. Her "company" wouldn't go within a rod of her, fleeing precipitately when she attempted to approach him. Finally a farmer's boy went to the rescue and whacked the snake on the head with the butt of a whip until it let loose. The reptile was over four feet in length, and had squeezed the girl so tightly that several of her corset stays were broken, and it is feared that two of her ribs are cracked.

It has always appeared to the writer that the mode of killing fowls by wringing their necks was an unnatural one, and also an unhealthy one to the consumer of the fowls. Killed in this way, the blood coagulates in the body of the fowl, and soon becomes putrid. Its tendency therefore is to render the flesh unhealthy. There may be no perceptible taste or smell about it, but decay has commenced, and the germs of disease have been formed. Instead of wringing the neck, let the head be severed from the body at one blow, and the fowl hung up by the feet until the last drop of blood has left the veins. Whatever poisonous or injurious germs may have been in the blood will thus have escaped, leaving the flesh sweet and wholesome. Wringing the neck seems barbarous. When the life of an animal is taken let it be done with as little suffering as possible.

In threshing oats it is a good plan to run at least a portion of straw under cover as winter feed for horses. If the straw is bright and clean it will be eaten nearly as well as hay, and if cut and mixed with meal will maintain a horse at steady work. This is better than feeding whole oats in the straw, for in this condition many will be undigested.

The story recently afloat in the newspapers of the Kansas farmer who shot a quail he saw running up and down his corn rows, supposing it to be pulling up his corn, and subsequently found it chop filled with destructive insects, is at least fifty years old. The only new thing about it is its location in Kansas. But it is a good story, nevertheless.

Specimens of the Kola nut, an African production, and a substitute of coffee, have been sent to England. It is said to be superior to coffee as a beverage; aids digestion, is stimulating and refreshing, relieves depression from over-work, subdues the craving for alcohol and prevents its intoxicating effects.

It is very often the case that churches in the autumn are not warmed until some two or three Sabbaths after the proper time. The dampness gives delicate people a chill which is followed by severe colds. It is therefore a Christian duty to have the house of worship made safe and comfortable.

Edison's Electric Light is a wonderful discovery, but not as wonderful as Hall's Catarrh Cure. For sale by Penny & McAlister.

Better Be A Lawyer.

"Is it true that the case of Zabrickie against Van Riper is settled?" asked a reporter of Lawyer L. M. Ward, of Patterson, N. J. This case has been in the courts for a long time.

"Yes," replied Mr. Ward, "the case is settled."

"And it is said, Mr. Ward, that you have come into possession of the farm."

"That's so," replied Mr. Ward, laughing, "I've got the farm, and Garry Ackerson, of Hackensack, the lawyer on the other side, has got all the money. I got a mortgage on the farm, and then I paid the balance and became the owner. The money I paid went to Ackerson."

"And what have the two farmers got, Mr. Ward?"

"Nothing. When we began the case there were two well-off farmers and two poor farmers. Now there are two poor farmers and two well-off lawyers."

HE WANTED TO BE A GIRAFFE.—Johnny thought it would be nice to be a giraffe; for then he could stand on the ground and eat the apples, pears and cherries that grew on Farmer Jones' trees, beyond the danger of dogs and bear-traps, and could also taste the good things all the way down his neck. But Johnny had a sore throat the other day, and as he laid his head on his pillow upon retiring, he confidently remarked to his mother that he was glad he was not a giraffe, after all. A giraffe with two or three yards of ore throat dwarfed his own affliction into nothingness by comparison.—[Boston Transcript.]

PATIENCE.—There are clouds as well as sunshine in this life, and one cannot expect to live continually in the latter. The clouds are sometimes those of adversity, sometimes of sorrow, and often are the shadow of calumny. Patience is required under all these afflictions. Consciousness of innocence where your good name has been assailed should sustain you, and enable you to patiently await future vindication. Be assured that the ignorant and vulgar will believe the worst that may be said of you. The intelligent and just will accord you a fair hearing before they condemn.

A man's transit from one life to the other, or from one world to the other, is like a journey from one place to another, and he takes with him all things that he possesses in himself as a man after death, his death being only that of a terrestrial body, has lost not anything that belonged to himself. He also carries with him his natural memory; for everything he ever heard, saw, read, learned or thought from his earliest infancy to the last day of his life he still retains.—[Swedenborg.]

Eighteen years ago last January the first wife of Dr. B. F. Collings was buried, and since the Doctor died a few days ago, her corpse was dug up. The case was found to be in a perfect state of preservation, and the body of the dead woman was also well preserved that any one who ever knew her would know her yet. It is remarkable that such should be the case. Even the box in which the coffin was placed was perfectly sound.—[Spencer Courier.]

He'd been waltzing with his ugly elder daughter, and was in a corner repairing damages. Here he was espied by his would-be papa-in-law. "She is the flower of my family, sir," said the latter. "So it seems," answered the young man. "Pity she comes off so, ain't it?" he continued, as he essayed another vigorous rub at the white spots on his coat sleeve.

The heat on the Colorado desert has been greater this season than for many years past, inflicting severe suffering upon those compelled to cross it. For a fortnight the thermometer in the day time stuck persistently at 130 degrees, and the close atmosphere made the heat appear greater than the reality. Tremendous thunder storms have been frequent.

We have often heard of young men becoming somewhat agitated while procuring their license to marry; but the case of our young and enterprising groceryman who signed the name of McDowell, Goddard & Co., instead of his own, to his marriage bond, is beyond parallel.—[Mercer Enterprise.]

The biblical proverb, "a tooth for a tooth," comes out all right, but (in printing and writing) it's often an I for a J, instead of "an eye for an eye," as the good book says.

John Armstrong, Vanceburg, Ky., says: "I have been pestered with dyspepsia and general debility; Brown's Iron Bitters has cured me."

A Mother's Love.

Bishop Fraser, of Manchester, England, testified manfully to the self-sacrifice and devotion of his mother. His father, a man of some fortune, lost everything in iron mining, and died broken-hearted, leaving a family of seven, the bishop at that time being fourteen years old. His mother was a woman of sound sense and great unselfishness. She said, "I cannot give these lads of mine a large fortune, but, by denying myself and living quietly, I can give them a good education." She did so, and he did not understand how she managed it. By God's providence he had the mother spared to him still. She was now paralyzed, speechless and helpless, but every day when he went into her room and looked on her sweet face he thought of all he owed to her, of what he was, and what he had been enabled to do.

HOW TO GET A NEW CONSTITUTION.—No material progressive step was ever taken by man or nation that was not inspired and accomplished by revolution. And there never was a revolution that did not originate with a minority. All that is necessary is to put forth a right and proper idea and keep agitating it. After awhile the popular mind will grasp it, study it, discuss it and ultimately adopt it, and then the revolution is complete. Let the friends of a new constitution agitate, agitate, agitate the idea of a sovereignty convention, and in the end they will triumph.—[Cloverport News.]

It is true that snakes, water rats, &c. are not found in Ireland as elsewhere, but science explains it without reference to the patron saints. During the glacial period, when the present islands were connected by land with the continent, the "varments" were destroyed, and during the melting period only a few fast traveling animals some forty varieties, were able to return, until the channel was formed and further colonization from Europe ceased.

A female crank claiming to be the deserted wife of Postmaster General Gresham, applied to a Flemingsburg law firm to bring for her an action for divorce. She says she was married to Mr. Gresham in 1863, and that he deserted her in a few weeks and she has seen nothing of him since. The lawyers refused to take the case.

Newcomers in the city of Mexico are surprised on finding so many of the conveniences common to large cities at home, such as the telephone, the electric light, a police force and an excellent street car service. The electric lights are on top of iron rods running up from the gas lamp posts.

Virginia is making flour of peanuts, of which she raises 2,000,000 bushels this year. Peanuts, so called in the Old Dominion, were introduced from Africa and are known in North Carolina as ground peas, in Tennessee as goobars, and in Georgia, Alabama and Mississippi as pinners.

The selection of potatoes for seed should be made in the field when dug; select the fairest smoothest potatoes, with good eyes; put them in a cool place and on no account part with them before planting, if you would insure a good crop next year.

M. Victor Saint Paul has placed \$5,000 at the disposal of a Paris Academy of Medicine as a prize to any person, whatever may be his vocation or nationality, who shall succeed in discovering an infallible means of curing diphtheria.

Galvanized iron pails for drinking water should not be used. The zinc coating is readily acted upon by water, forming a poisonous oxide of zinc.

The Congregational and Presbyterian ministers of St. Louis have voted to discontinue publishing their notices in the Sunday newspapers.

Women in New York who make shirts for a living earn about 45 cents a day; those who serve as waiter girls in beer saloons make \$1.25.

The Glasgow Times reports a child two years old which weighs 187 pounds. Its parents are said both to be quite small.

PILES! PILES! PILES!

Dr. DeWing's New Discovery for Piles is a radical change from the old remedies heretofore in use. The Discovery is the result of years of patient scientific study and investigation into the character of this painful disease. To convince you of its great merit, call on Penny & McAlister, Stanford, or W. M. Weber, Mt. Vernon, and get a sample box free of charge.

J. T. Morrison, of Worthington, Ind., says one bottle of Brown's Expectorant worked like a charm in his family. He is convinced of its wonderful curative qualities. For sale by Penny & McAlister, Stanford, and W. M. Weber, Mt. Vernon.

Rev. C. H. Marshall, formerly pastor of Fourth Presbyterian church, Indianapolis, says he has used Brown's Expectorant for years in his family, always with good results. For sale by Penny & McAlister, Stanford, and W. M. Weber, Mt. Vernon.

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H. C. RUPLEY.

I have received and am still receiving New Goods for Fall and Winter, comprising the best in the market, which will be gotten up in style and make second to none in city or country. Give me a trial. H. C. Rupley.

W. H. HIGGINS,

—DEALER IN—

Hardware, Horse Shoes, Groceries, Saddles, Iron, Nails, Queensware, Buggy Whips, Buggy Wheels, Stoves, Cane Mills, Harness, Spokes, Grates, Cider Mills, Lap Covers, Rims, Stoneware, Corn Shellers, Collars.

Oliver Chilled, Champion Steel and Brinley Combined Plows, Wooden and Cast Pumps, and the Celebrated Mayfield Elevator. Tin Roofing and Guttering will have prompt attention.

Salem City: T. M. Johnston, W. B. McKinney.

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—Wholesale and Retail Dealers In—

GROCERIES AND HARDWARE,

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Drugs, Books, Stationery and Fancy Articles. Physicians' prescriptions accurately compounded also.

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Largest Stock of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry & Silverware. Ever brought to this market. Prices Lower than the Lowest. Watches, Clocks and Jewelry Repaired on short notice and Warranted.

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Nice lot of Horses and Fine Turnouts. Rates reasonable.

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the Highest Style of

the Art. We have

Every Facility, such

as Steam, Fast Presses

and New Type, for doing

work, and all we

ask is a trial.

W. P. Walton.

THE LAWYER AND THE THIEF.

Here is a capital story connected with a prominent lawyer, who has distinguished himself in the defence of criminals, as well as in connection with other trials, having frequently, through his skill, aided the most hardened criminals to escape from justice. Some time ago, while our friend was attending court in an adjoining county, he was applied to by a singular specimen of humanity, charged with grand larceny, to defend him. The lawyer very naturally inquired what crime he was accused of. The party accused replied that somebody had been mean enough to charge him with stealing a hundred and fifty pounds in bank notes, and had got him indicted.

"Are you guilty?" asked the lawyer.

"That's none of your business," replied the accused. "They say it makes no difference with you whether a man is guilty or not; you will contrive to dig him out in some way. So don't talk any more about guilt till you hear what the jury says."

"Well, what about the pay?" said the lawyer.

"You just hold on till the trial is over. Give K— (the complainant) fits on the cross examination, and that other fellow he has got to back him up, and you'll have no trouble about the pay."

The trial commenced, and proved to be a somewhat protracted and exciting one. The district attorney proved that the money in question was composed of two fifty-pound notes, all of which were wrapped up in a piece of oil-silk. The jury, after listening to the counsel in the case, and receiving the charge of the Judge, retired, and soon returned a verdict of not guilty. The accused, who was greatly elated with the result of the trial and the effort of his counsel, invited the latter into one of the vacant rooms. As soon as they were alone he slapped his counsel on the shoulder and exclaimed:

"Free as water, ain't I? What's the use of trying a man for stealing when you're around? Now, I s'pose you want your pay?"

"Yes, have you got anything to pay with?" said the lawyer.

"Lend me your knife, and we'll see about that."

The lawyer slightly started at such a proposition, rather reluctantly complied.

The accused immediately commenced ripping and cutting away at the waistcoat, and soon produced the roll of notes for the stealing of which he had just been tried, wrapped up in the identical piece of oil-silk described by the witness for the prosecution, and, throwing it down on the table before the astonished lawyer, exclaimed:

"There, take your pay out of that. I guess there is enough to pay you tolerably well."

"Why, you villain! you stole that money after all," said the lawyer. "Do you expect I can take any of that money?"

"Stole that money! Why, what are you talking about? Didn't them twelve men upstairs there just say I didn't steal it? What's the use of trying to raise a question of conscience after twelve respectable men have given their opinion upon the subject? Take your pay out of that and ask no questions. Don't be modest in taking. I got it easy enough, and you've worked hard enough for it."

Our informant did not state how much the lawyer took, but we presume the chap didn't have much change left after our friend had satisfied his "conscience" in the premises.

Heavy tragedian, seated at a railway hotel before a roast chicken: "Prithee, landlord, dwellers there within the precincts of this hamlet a machinaist? Landlord: "A machinaist! Yes, sir." Tragedian: "Then take to him this bird of many spears. Bid him wrench asunder these iron limbs, and then for our regalement to chisel slices from its unyielding bosom, for we would dine anon. And, pray you, do it quickly. Your peas you need not carry, for those with dextrous management, we can swallow whole. Away!"

A party of Philadelphia capitalists have 1,000 acres in sorghum at Rio Grande, N. J., and expect to turn out 1,000,000 pounds of good sugar this season. The sorghum seed is fed to pork, and in addition to the sugar the farm is expected to yield \$30,000 worth of pork.

There is a saying in California that if a man buys water he can get his land thrown in. The literal fact is that the value of much of the land depends solely upon the water which it holds or controls. Four systems of irrigation are practiced.

THE BRITISH CENSUS.

Interesting Details with regard to Last Enumeration.

The total population of the United Kingdom, including the Isle of Man and Channel Islands, together with the army and navy, and merchant seamen abroad, was 35,246,662, consisting of 17,252,947 males, and 17,993,715 females. The total in 1871 was 31,845,373, so that we have an increase of 4,147,286. To this vast number Scotland contributes 3,734,370, and Ireland 5,159,839, the former having increased by 374,342, and the latter decreased by 252,538, since 1871. The Isle of Man contributes 53,492, and the Channel Islands 87,731.

The army, navy and merchant seamen, including 20,330 foreigners, contribute 99,637, 22,507 and 120,700 respectively, and these together amount to 242,844. The population of England and Wales was 25,968,286, including 12,624,764 males and 13,343,522 females, showing a net increase on the numbers for 1871 of 3,256,020. England alone has a population of 21,608,391, consisting of 11,947,736 males and 12,660,655 females, being an increase of 3,113,260 during the last ten years. Of the counties which have contributed to the increase of population, Lancashire stands first, with an addition of 634,730; Yorkshire takes second place, with 449,354; Middlesex has increased by 379,049; and Surrey by 344,207. Durham, Kent, Stafford, Essex and Warwick each show an increase of over 100,000; and Buckingham, Devon, Norfolk, Oxford, Suffolk, Somerset and Wilts have respectively an increase of less than 10,000. Turning to Wales, we find that six counties show an increase and six a decrease. Carmarthen, Carmarvon, Denbigh, Flint, Glamorgan and Merioneth have an aggregate increase of 152,123, of which Glamorgan claims 113,813. The aggregate decrease of the rest is 9,363. The total population of the principality is 1,339,895, of which 677,028 are males and 662,867 females, the net increase since the census of 1871 being 142,760. The growth of the large English towns has been very unequal during the last ten years. London, of course, shows the greatest expansion. Its population, which in 1871 was 3,254,260, has now 3,814,571, including 1,794,106 males and 2,020,465 females, thus giving a net increase of 560,311. Liverpool comes next with 552,425, being an increase of 59,079. The increase in Birmingham, which now has over 400,000 inhabitants, has been almost equal to that in Liverpool. Two other municipalities overstep the 300,000, namely, Manchester and Leeds; but Manchester has fallen off nearly 10,000, while Leeds has gained some 50,000. With a population of over 200,000, there are two municipal boroughs, Sheffield and Bristol, with an aggregate increase of about 70,000.

Of the boroughs which in 1871 had a population exceeding 100,000, Portsmouth, Salford, Bradford, Hull and Newcastle have all increased considerably. Salford standing pre-eminent with an addition of 50,000. To this list must now be added Sunderland, Brighton and Nottingham, the last with an enormous increase of over 100,000. Coming to density of population, we find that Lancashire has nearly 1,707 souls to the square mile, and the extra-metropolitan Middlesex 1,364. Six other counties in England, and one in Wales, number over 500 to the square mile, in the following order: Durham, with 714; extra-metropolitan Surrey, Cheshire, Staffordshire, Glamorganshire and Yorkshire with a little over 500.

The Boston Transcript gives three columns of "rejected poems" with this introduction: "Nothing gives an editor more genuine pain than to reject poetry, and yet the limits of the ordinary newspaper are such that a great deal goes into the waste-basket which, if printed, would furnish unalloyed delight to critical and sympathetic readers. Enough rhythmic sweetness is annually wasted in the office of a literary newspaper to perfume the desert of Sahara. An idea seems to have got about that editors in general do not like poetry. It is a mistake; they do. Nothing cheers the editorial heart so much as to get five or six poems every morning about the seasons, empty chairs, little graves, 'She is Gone,' torn hearts, and such. Even if he cannot use them, they put him in an agreeable state of mind, and help to tone him up for his day's work; and, then, an editor has nothing to do but to put his heels up on the desk and read poetry all day. The truth is, so far as they themselves are concerned, editors don't get half enough poetry. They would willingly crowd out advertisements to put it in if publishers would allow, but the sordid spirit of gain heads them off. Every poem that goes into the waste-basket represents a pang on the part of the editor."

OIL ON THE WATER.

Two little girls, Lily and Violet, were playing in a yard, where they had strung some twine for a clothesline, and were washing their dolls' garments in a diminutive tub and hanging them out to dry. Along came Lily's brother, master Jack, the juvenile tease, and with one sweep of his hand jerked the whole day's washing from the line and scattered it on the grass. Lily bubbled over in tears at once. Violet was saddened, too, but the necessity of playing peace-maker in the impending family quarrel was the first thought in mind, so she said, soothingly: "Never mind, Lily, let's play Jack was a high wind."—*Syracuse Herald.*

PAIN FROM INDIGESTION.

When the Pilgrims first landed they fell on their knees, after which they fell on their stomachs.

Pain from indigestion, dyspepsia and too hearty eating is relieved at once by taking one of Carter's Little Liver Pills immediately after dinner. Don't forget this.

A MAN SHOPPING.

If you want to torture the average man, send him shopping. More misery cannot be heaped upon him, especially if he has to go to a store where the clerks are ladies and he doesn't know exactly what he wants to buy. A lady clerk has such a way of utterly crushing a man and making him realize his ignorance. We had a little experience the other day. We wanted enough cotton to pack a set of jewelry in a box some two inches square. This cotton we set out to purchase. We had an indefinite idea we could get it at a big variety store on Tremont street, and we drifted around that way. But when we got there and looked in, we didn't have the nerve to enter. It was crowded, and we didn't know which way to turn after we got there, and we felt that we should get lost there, and altogether it was no use. We wouldn't do it. So we went round to Tremont Row, and finally found a store that was comparatively quiet, and there we entered and explained to the best-natured looking saleswoman that we wanted some cotton batting. She said they had it for 15, 20 and 25 cents. We said we'd take the best, and away she went. Soon she returned, followed by a boy with a roll of cotton about the size of a beer can. That was handed to us. We gazed at it and concluded that it was more than we needed for that jewelry box. We said to the lady: "Madam, you are mistaken. We don't desire to start a wholesale cotton mart, we don't desire to get up a corner in cotton, we don't run a burlesque troupe. What we want is about enough cotton to fill a box two inches square." Several lady customers overheard us, and looked at us with a glance of contemptuous pity that was worse than the laughter of the customers. We finally got the cotton and fled from the store, but we had got to feeling so annoyed and mortified that we didn't get over it all day. And we rather enjoy shopping, for a man.—*Boston Globe.*

THE BIBLE MEN.

When we read so much as we do about revision, manuscripts, etc., some of the terms employed must be confusing to those who have not the means of defining them. Thus, in every newspaper more or less is said about "uncials" and "cursives" as applied to the old texts of the scriptures. The former term relates to such manuscripts as were written earliest, say more than a thousand years ago, and the latter to those that have been written more recently. "Uncials" is from the Latin word *uncia*, and is so used because the letters, being capitals, and therefore large, were said to be an inch long. The "cursive" is the running hand, and refers to small and connected writing, such as we use at present. The antiquity of the uncials gives them an interest that cannot belong to the others, though it is their essential value as being the early—the first—copies of the text that commends them to the scholars who use them. When we remember that these old writings were copied over and over again by hand, we can have some faint idea of the labor required to give the scriptures circulation, as we can also appreciate the ease with which mistakes could occur in the formation of letters and the construction of sentences. Our surprise is not, therefore, that there are so many mistakes in the various readings, but that there are so few, while we recognize the necessity of correcting them so far as it is possible to do so.—*The United Presbyterian.*

FORGETFULNESS.

I am troubled with a propensity to forget little things, and for years have resorted to the simple plan of changing my rings or tying knots in my handkerchief. When even these methods failed of effect I devised still another plan: This is to display in some conspicuous place an object which could not in reason belong there—the feather duster on the dinner table, for instance. I will tell you how well it works. One rainy day, as I stood at the window, I saw lying on the ground a rake, which my husband had left there a day or two before. "I mustn't forget to take that in when it clears away," I thought, and in order to fix the fact in my memory I took a desert napkin which lay over a dish of fruit and pinned it upon a picture frame. That napkin stayed there a week! An hour after I pinned it up I could not have told, if it were to save my life, why it was there. But I would not take it down, though it gave occasion for much ridicule from my friends, especially my husband. I tried in vain, day by day, to recall my reason for pinning that poor red napkin. Finally I had occasion to go out into the yard, and when I saw that rake I remembered!

MIXED METAPHOR.

A colored preacher, after listening to the sermon of a young theologian, offered, in reverent and beseeching tones, the following remarkable petition: "Oh, Lawd feed de young brudder effluently. Feed his soul wid uncton from on high. Quench his thirst wid de balm of Gilead and de lily of de valley. Anoint his head, oh, Lawd, till it runs down like de beard of Aaron—ancient him wid de lile of Patmos and fill him wid all manner of concupiscence."

ARTHEMUS WARD once found himself in a little Maine hotel, where the wind, coming through two broken panes in his bedroom, nearly froze him to death. He rummaged around the room, but could find nothing but a hoop skirt, which he hung up against the window, remarking, "It will keep out the coldest of the cold waves."

James Walker, Louisville, Ky., says: "I have used Brown's Iron Bitters with wonderful success as a general tonic and appetizer."

HOW THEY PLAYED IT ON A DISCOVERER.

He was on his way home from Louisville, says an exchange. He had on a ragged, old summer suit, a bad hat, and he had been taking his meals about thirty hours apart to make his money carry him through.

"Yes, I like the country out that way," he replied to the query. "The climate is good, the scenery is fine and some of the people are as honest as needs be. The trouble is knowing how to take the bad ones."

"I should think that would be easy," "Yes, it looks that way; but I had some experience. I am the original discoverer of the richest mine around Louisville. Yes, I am the very man, though you couldn't think it to see these old clothes."

"Then you don't own it now?" "Not a bit of it. I'll explain. I was poking around on the hills and found signs. I collected some specimens for assay, staked off a claim and went off to the assayer's. It was two days before he let me know that I had struck the richest ore that he had ever assayed, and then I hurried back to my claim. Hang my buttons if it hadn't been jumped."

"How?" "Why, a gang of sharpers had found the spec, and built up a pole shanty, and hung out a sign of First Baptist Church over the door. True at shooting, they had; and the law out there is that no man can sink a shaft within 200 feet of a church building. They saw me coming, and when I got there were holding a revival. There were six of them, and they got up one after another and told how wicked they had been and how sorry they were, and—would you believe it?—they had the cheek to ask me to lead off in singing. I went to law, but they beat me. Three days after the verdict the First Baptist Church was burned down, and before the ashes were cold the congregation were developing a mine worth over \$1,000,000. You see, I didn't know how to take them."

"Was there any particular way to take them?" "You bet there was! I ought to have opened on that revival with a Winchester rifle, and given the Coroner \$50 for a verdict that they came to their death from too much religion."

ENGLISH APPRECIATION OF AMERICAN LETTERS.

American literature has now become so far English that it has supplied us with more household words than the literature of any other country, except France. Mr. Lowell's own "Biglow Papers" have lent us some—notably the skeptical criticism of John P. Robinson on the culture of Palestine, and the warning as to the necessity of early rising when one is attempting to circumvent the Absolute. From a writer much less frivolous than he is commonly thought to be, Mark Twain, we have derived not only by-words, but opportunities for that inextinguishable laughter which seems to refresh and renew the whole system. If Mark Twain had written nothing but the account of his purchase of the celebrated Mexican plug, and his account of how he once increased the circulation of an agricultural paper, he would have made his mark among the humorists who have used the English language. Mr. Bret Harte has supplied us with the immortal economical reflections of Bill Nye, and has formulated the doubt which we all feel in the presence of the Mongolian race, the doubt whether Aryan man is not played out, has not had his innings, and is on the point of following the Toltecs into the grave of vanished peoples. But those are only the first names that occur. Our fiction owes its most refined and elaborate pages to Mr. James and Mr. Howells, our anthropology is under a heavy debt to Mr. Bancroft and Mr. Morgan, our criticism is sharpened by contact with that of half a dozen brilliant writers, and perhaps it is only in poetry that we still venture to think, if we may use an appropriate expression, "we have the inner tracks." The American Caucasians are certainly not played out, and we may perhaps expect from them the poet who is to succeed our foremost living masters.—*London News.*

ABOUT MAN.

Man that is married to a woman is for many days and full of trouble. In the morning he draws his salary, and in the evening, behold it is all gone. It is a tale that is told; it vanishes and no one knoweth whether it goeth. He riseth up clothed in the chilly garments of the night and seeketh the somnolent paragon who with to soothe the colicky howl of his offspring. He spendeth his shekels in the purchase of fine linen to cover the bosom of his family, yet himself is seen in the gates of the city with one suspender. Yea, he is altogether wretched.—*Exchange.*

He was sitting in the parlor with her when a rooster crowed in the yard, and, leaning over, he said: "Chanticleer, 'I wish you would; I am as sleepy as I can be.'"

No matter how jaded the constitution may be from disease or excess, the Great German Invigorator restores it permanently. See advertisement. For sale by Penny & McAlister.

Very Low Rates.

DURING the continuance of the Southern Exposition, at Louisville, Ky., (commencing August 1st, and continuing 100 days), the Louisville & Nashville Railroad will sell Excursion Tickets from any of its stations to Louisville at one fare for the round trip. These Tickets will be on sale every day, from L. & N. stations and will be good 15 days, allowing ample time to visit the Great Exposition ever held in the South, and second only to the Centennial at Philadelphia.

Know

That BROWN'S IRON BITTERS will cure the worst case of dyspepsia.

Will insure a hearty appetite and increased digestion.

Cures general debility, and gives a new lease of life.

Dispels nervous depression and low spirits.

Restores an exhausted nursing mother to full strength and gives abundant sustenance for her child.

Strengthens the muscles and nerves, enriches the blood.

Overcomes weakness, wakefulness, and lack of energy.

Keeps off all chills, fevers, and other malarial poison.

Will infuse with new life the weakest invalid.

39 Walker St., Baltimore, Dec. 1882.

For six years I have been a great sufferer from Blood Disease, Dyspepsia, and Constipation, and became so debilitated that I could not retain anything on my stomach. In fact, life had almost become a burden. Finally, when hope had almost left me, my husband, seeing Brown's Iron Bitters advertised in the paper, induced me to give it a trial. I am now taking the third bottle, and have not felt so well in six years as I do at the present time.

Mrs. L. F. GRIFFIN.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS will have a better tonic effect upon any one who needs "bracing up," than any medicine made.

WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS

FOR THE LIVER

And all Bilious Complaints

Safe to take, being purely vegetable, no griping. Price 25 cts. All Druggists.

Thousands of graves are annually robbed of their victims, liver prostrated, happiness and health destroyed by the use of the great

GERMAN INVIGORATOR!

Which positively and permanently cures Impotence, (caused by excess of any kind), Seminal Weakness, and all diseases that follow a sequence of Self-Abuse, as loss of energy, lack of memory, universal lassitude, pain in the back, dimness of vision, premature old age, and many other diseases that lead to consumption and a premature grave. \$25 sent by mail. The INVIGORATOR is sold at \$1 per box, or six boxes for \$5, by all druggists, or will be sent free by mail, securely sealed, on receipt of price, by addressing

P. J. CHERRY, 112 Adams St., Toledo, Ohio.

Sole agent for the United States. [91-177]

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dyspepsia, Nausea, and all diseases that follow a sequence of Self-Abuse, as loss of energy, lack of memory, universal lassitude, pain in the back, dimness of vision, premature old age, and many other diseases that lead to consumption and a premature grave. \$25 sent by mail. The INVIGORATOR is sold at \$1 per box, or six boxes for \$5, by all druggists, or will be sent free by mail, securely sealed, on receipt of price, by addressing

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CHURCH DIRECTORY.

METHODIST, SOUTH.—Rev. H. C. Morrison, Pastor. Services every Sunday morning and night except the third. Prayer Meeting every Thursday night. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m. Rev. H. C. Morrison, Superintendent.

BAPTIST.—Rev. J. M. Bacon, Pastor. Services on Second and Fourth Sundays, morning and night. Prayer Meeting every Wednesday afternoon. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m. R. E. Barrow, Superintendent.

CHRISTIAN.—Worship by the congregation every Lord's day. Preaching by Dr. J. W. Cox on Second and Fourth Lord's days. Sunday School at 9:15. Jos. Severance, Superintendent.

PREBYTERIAN, SOUTH.—Rev. L. & McElroy, pastor. Sunday School at 9:30. John W. Ross, Superintendent. Union Prayer Meeting on Wednesday nights.

STANFORD FEMALE COLLEGE.

STANFORD, KY.